

BALL/SQUARE

The yellow ball contained a small green square. With scents and bicycles and perambulators angling in it like Spring.

Beyond this there were no brick houses, nor taxis, bus routes nor London on the tip of my tongue.

Just the yellow ball.

A LITTLE WOODEN HOUSE

It is a little wooden house painted with bright red and bright green rectangles -- you could say stripes. There are

no windows, but wheels fitted tightly into the wood, made of rubber, three of them, one much larger than the other

two. The house is warm to the touch and sounds solid when you knock on it.

No one lives there.

"A COWARD DIES A THOUSAND DEATHS"

i.

He's an English immigrant and he drives around in an unregistered car with a hypodermic needle and other paraphernalia in the glove compartment.

ii.

For lunch he drinks a fifth of vodka and some black beauties. Then he goes downtown to score dope in a biker bar.

iii.

By nightfall he's wasted, sitting in a restaurant where cops go, talking to anyone about the graveyard shift waitress he's gonna rape. Then he threatens to beat the shit out of one of the busboys, and finally leaves without paying.

iv.

Standing in line at the Immigration and Naturalization Department to fill out some annual forms, he talks loudly and

drunkenly to a Vietnamese family about his subversive former acquaintances; mentions leaving a bomb in a museum in London.

v.

At the airport, waiting at Customs to meet someone off a plane, he chats with the customs officer about all the hash he's snuck into the country in special suitcases. And when the "friend" arrives he and she drive away down Sunset, with brakes that must be double-pumped, with very little gas, and with a stolen M-16 rifle in the back seat.

Epilogue

If he'd been a coward, he would have been deported a thousand times, dead or alive.

-- Nichola Manning

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AND THEN WE GOT THE GREEN

she comes in and tells me that she has just seen a dog run over, only the wheels didn't crush him, the car rather passed over him and he came out dazed and dizzied, no dog collar, very thin, starved ... she says we ought to go get him and I say that somebody ought to call the dog pound and she says that they will kill him if we do.

that evening we go to dinner and as we are driving back we pass a station wagon with a rack on the roof and she says, did you see that? and I say, what? and she says, there was a little boy tied to that rack with ropes. I laugh and she asks, what are you laughing at? it's only kids playing, I say, cowboys and Indians, Superman or whatever they're into now. used to happen to me often, they always tied me up. I'm going back, she says, I'm going back to see what's happening. I laugh.

we stop for a traffic light and I notice that the paint job on the car is looking dull -- going to have to get a Simonize job soon. she stares straight ahead and I turn a disco station up loudly on the radio.